

Children's Newspaper

Every Wednesday—Threepence

FOUNDED BY ARTHUR MEE

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HE IS A FILM STAR AT THIRTEEN

Andrew Ray tells the C.N. all about it

Familiar to film audiences as "The Mudlark," and to millions of B.B.C. listeners as Just William, comedian Ted Ray's son Andrew has achieved a measure of fame in his own right. But he is every inch a normal 13-year-old boy and the rest of the family see to it that he gets no inflated ideas of his own importance.

Andrew, who is now starring with Kathleen Ryan in the Associated British picture *The Yellow Balloon*, has told his story for C.N. readers. Here it is—in his own words.

A FILM STAR! If that's what people are calling me, I'd better let them know at home.

Up till now, there's only been one star in the family—my Dad. Don't know how he'll take to a spot of competition from "young Andrew," as he calls me. I think he rather expects it one day from my brother Robin—he's seventeen and at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art.

Anyway, I've only made two films—*The Mudlark* and *The*

Yellow Balloon—so I don't think I'm a real film star.

I must say film-making is great fun. For one thing, I don't go to school. Of course, there is a snag—I have to do my lessons with a tutor at the studio. But even that's better than going to school.

Then the fuss they make—and all the L.C.C. regulations! Just having a tutor isn't enough. Oh, no. I have to have regular times set aside for meals, lessons, and rest. Rest—what a joke! Whoever heard of anyone getting tired making films?

IN A CARAVAN

During *The Yellow Balloon* my mother had our holiday caravan moved to Elstree Studios. She used to cook my meals in the kitchen herself, and there I used to have my lessons—and oh, yes, there I was supposed to rest.

It was jolly convenient, because the caravan was parked on a waste piece of ground and during the lunch break some of the technicians and I would get up a game of cricket or football.

I think the studio people were a bit worried at first when they heard about the cricket in case I got bruised or hurt, and that might have held up production. Fortunately, nothing happened.

It was funny really; I didn't get a scratch during the film, but the day it was finished I was larking with Dad in the garden at home and I fell, landing on one hand. I was dragged off to the local doctor and returned home minus a nail and with an enormous bandage. (Dad's fault, of course!)

DAD IN THE STUDIO

The director of *The Yellow Balloon*, Mr. J. Lee Thompson, was one of the nicest people I've ever met, and he could explain so well exactly what he wanted me to do. I simply had no excuse for not getting it right.

Dad came down to watch me working once or twice, and that caused some excitement. I still can't get used to the idea that he's really famous. He's not at all how I imagined famous people to be. At home, he's just ordinary! Of course, he makes us laugh with his

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From a land of sunshine



Laurie Din Maung and Kyi Kyi, two little lasses from Burma, brought a splash of tropical colour to wintry London when they arrived with their parasol for a function at the Burmese Embassy.

TELEVISION TRUANTS

Not a few of the 80,000 school-boys and girls in Baltimore must have grinned delightedly when they heard that they could not go to school because the men who attended the furnaces were on strike. The weather was much too cold for them to sit in unheated classrooms.

Then came a blow for them; the city's three television stations agreed to give TV lessons. At their homes the pupils were told what time the lessons would be on, and what they would be. Arithmetic was put on first because it was thought—optimistically perhaps—that young minds would be fresher to cope with this subject first thing in the morning.

But American television offers a wide variety of programmes, and so a few boys and girls became the first TV truants in history, switching their sets to Wild West programmes, and others not remotely connected with education.

They were not truants for long. The authorities had informed parents of the teaching plans, and mothers saw to it that sets were switched back to the lessons.

S O S FOR MUGS

Perhaps the most unexpected message ever received by Wick radio station was sent out by the trawler Conan Doyle, on its way to the Greenland fishing grounds. It was, "Please stand by with 18 china mugs."

The explanation was that the trawler had met such rough weather that hardly a piece of crockery on board remained whole, and the crew recoiled from the prospect of long days of Arctic fishing without welcome cups of hot tea.

Wick harbour authorities, realising the urgency of the situation, quickly collected the required 18 china mugs and sent them out into Wick Bay by the pilot boat. There they were taken safely on board amid loud cheers from the crew, and then the Conan Doyle happily pursued its voyage northwards.

FINE ART

A young apprentice watchmaker in Norway took a pin and hammered the head flat till it had a diameter of about an eighth-of-an-inch. Then he inscribed on it the 45-word verse of the Norwegian National Anthem.

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Andrew enjoys the C.N. in an interval at the studio

EXTRA BIG FISH

From New Zealand comes our first fishing story of the week.

Mr. B. Bainbridge of Auckland rowed out with a companion to investigate a disturbance off-shore, and found it to be a nine-foot sun-fish with its dorsal fin sticking out of the water. Throwing caution to the winds, Mr. Bainbridge grasped hold of the fin with his hands—and held tight while his friend rowed back to the shore.

A second concerns two African fishermen at Mombasa who caught a 15-foot sailfish—over four feet longer than the world record. A European holiday-maker excitedly hurried off to the fishing warden to have the record verified, but by the time he had got back the fish had been eaten.

OLD-TIME DANCER

An 83-year-old man won first prize in a dancing competition at Kilcar, Co. Donegal.

BIRD THAT STAYED BEHIND

A farmer of northern Norway was astonished not long ago to find a wagtail in his kitchen, half-dead with cold. Wagtails always go south in the autumn, but this one had remained behind, and had somehow managed to survive several weeks of the bitter Norwegian winter.

The kind-hearted farmer made inquiries as to how the little stray could be sent to a warmer climate, and Scandinavian Airways agreed to take it in one of their planes flying to Athens. The pilot released the bird over the Acropolis.

COSTLY SPEECH

Telephoning to Australia at a pound a minute generally makes callers men of few words, but the other day someone in London talked to a newspaper office in Sydney for two hours 50 minutes.

This £170's worth is said to be a record for the duration of a call on the International Radio Telephone Service.

HAPPY BAND OF BROTHERS

The nine McCusker brothers of County Armagh, N. Ireland, run their own band. They move about the country in a 26-h.p. car.

NEW MEN AT THE HELM IN THE U.S.

By the C N Diplomatic Correspondent

THE United States has a new Government; the new Republican Cabinet has taken over from President Truman's Democrat administration.

Because of the enormous influence exercised by America throughout the world, the newcomers to power are arbiters of more than their own country's destiny; but with the exception of President Eisenhower himself few are known abroad.

First, there is Mr. John Foster Dulles. Heads of other countries will scrutinise all his utterances as Secretary of the State Department, for this is the equivalent post in the United States to that held by Mr. Anthony Eden as our Foreign Secretary.

Mr. Dulles, who is 64, is the son of a Presbyterian Minister, and has been the leading authority of his party on foreign affairs for many years.

His high reputation is a good augury. He will be one of the first of the new Ministers to feel at home in his Department, as he was consultant on foreign policy to Mr. Truman's administration, a post he left less than a year ago.

The counterpart of Mr. R. A. Butler, our Chancellor of the Exchequer, is Mr. George M. Humphrey, the Secretary of the Treasury. He was the head of a great steel firm, and a lawyer as well. His most important task in the next few months—just as Mr. Butler's will be in this country—will be to superintend the passing of his country's next Budget.

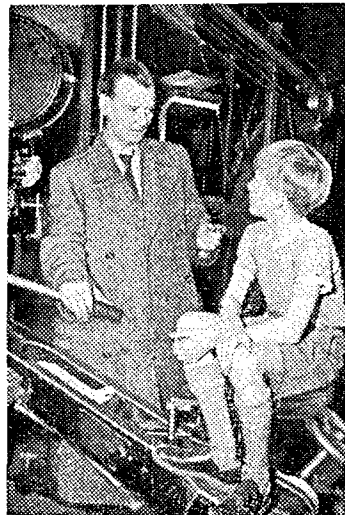
FILM STAR AT 13

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jokes, but apart from that he's a very normal Dad.

I don't know what I'm paid for making films, but I get five shillings a week pocket-money. The remainder is being saved—for my old age, I suppose.

At the moment I'm back at school, but in about a year or two



Director J. Lee Thompson gives instructions to Andrew.

I'll be able to leave school for good and act all the time. It's a wonderful way of earning a living—having fun and being paid for it at the same time.

On second thoughts I don't think I like being called a film star. Sounds much too grand. I'm just Andrew Ray—let's leave it at that.

Fine old soldier passes on

A modest hero was Harry George Crandon, V.C., who has passed away at his Manchester home at the age of 78. He won the supreme award during the South African War nearly 52 years ago for risking his life to save a comrade's, but he always made light of his deed.

He was a cavalryman, and he and another trooper named Berry were acting as scouts when they were heavily fired on by the enemy. Berry's horse was shot and its rider wounded. Harry at once rode back under fire, dismounted, and helped the wounded man onto his own horse and sent him away to safety. Then Harry had to run for 1100 yards under fire all the way.

Describing the incident in a letter to a friend he wrote simply: "Berry's horse got killed, and he himself wounded in two places. I gave my horse to him and lifted him onto it, and sent him to an ambulance station, and got out of it the best way I could."

His V.C. was presented to him by Lord Kitchener. Years later, when he was a middle-aged man, he fought in the First World War and was wounded at Ypres. He recovered and served again in the Balkans, Egypt, and Palestine.

A truly gallant Englishman!

THREE LITTLE DEVILS AT SYDNEY

Three little devils with black and white spots on their heads have recently made their appearance at Taronga Park Zoo, Sydney. They are Tasmanian Devils, the first ever born at the zoo, and the sight of their three little heads peeping out of their mother's pouch caused great excitement.

Found only in remote districts of Tasmania, the devil is a thick-set, powerful creature rather like a cat. Its unusually big head always wears a ferocious expression; indeed, it earned its name by being savage and untamable. Like the Tasmanian Tiger, another flesh-eating marsupial, it is near extinction.

Being nocturnal creatures, accustomed to hunting at night, the devils in the zoo spend their days basking in the sun or bathing. Unlike the domestic cat, they use both paws for washing. When visitors approach, they scare them away with a peculiar whining growl followed by a cough.

JOHN AND ANN LEAD

The most popular names for boys and girls born last year were again John and Ann (or Anne), according to the list Mr. J. W. Leaver compiles each year from birth announcements in The Times. They also led in the three previous years.

David and Mary again came second. Next, among the boys, were Richard, James, Charles, Peter, Michael, Nicholas, Andrew, and Anthony. Among the girls Elizabeth followed Mary, and then came Jane, Margaret, Caroline, Susan, Sarah, and Catherine. Diana and Frances tied for tenth place.

News from Everywhere

A CATCH IN IT

The headmaster of a school in Comptonville, U.S., cancelled lessons for ten weeks because snow had blocked all the roads. But the pupils must stay at school next summer until the time has been made up.

Some £300,000 worth of British TV equipment has been sold to Italy to start a service.

A device patented in America times the boiling of an egg, automatically takes it out of the water, and puts it in an egg-cup.

A census is to be taken of crayfish at Albany, Australia. They will be marked and their migratory habits noted.

Mobile classroom



British Railways Eastern Region have converted a rail coach into a travelling classroom for locomotive drivers. Driver Flowers, with a miniature railway system, explains a point to two young railwaymen.

SEEING THE WORLD

Miss L. Marriott, aged 53, of Berkhamsted, Hertfordshire, has returned home after cycling 4880 miles across Africa from Johannesburg to the British Cameroons. Mr. P. Irwin, of Waringstown, County Down, has just become the first man to cycle across the Sahara Desert.

The L.C.C. has set up a records office at County Hall to preserve parochial registers or other old documents which parish churches have difficulty in storing safely.

Two of the four surviving copies of Magna Carta are now on view in the British Museum.

YOUTH WILL BE SERVED

Feeling that the job needed a younger man, Mr. Henry Little, aged 102, handed over the presidency of a Massachusetts bank to Mr. William Blach—aged 83.

A film of the life of Mahatma Gandhi is being made in Hollywood, and a film about Roald Amundsen is being made in Norway.

Lightweight boots insulated by an inch of kapok will be worn by British climbers when they attempt the last 6000 feet of Mount Everest in the spring.

Three tons of unclaimed medals are in a Royal Australian Air Force storeroom at Sydney.

Signposts indicating London's finest viewpoints are to be set up.

A farmer in Southern Styria, Austria, fed a "stray dog" for three days, and his children played with it. Then he discovered that it was a wolf.

BLUSHES LONG AGO

End-of-term reports which had been pushed under the floorboards 80 years ago were found by workmen in a school at Mistley, Essex.

A crab sent to a fishmonger in Tipton, Staffordshire, escaped from its crate and caught a mouse. It was allowed to roam, and within a few days caught four more.

Twenty German boys and girls have been invited to London for the Coronation by British youth organisations.

LOG CABIN HOLIDAYS

Birmingham Federation of Boys' Clubs has acquired a site in the woods at Earlswood Lakes, Warwickshire, where the boys will build a log cabin for their holidays.

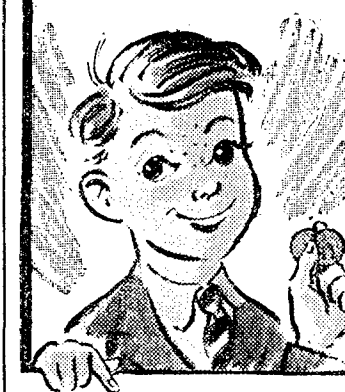
Free lectures on French history and art have been offered to Kent schools by the French Embassy.

A coin brought up from the river bed at Newport, Monmouthshire, was found to be a Syrian tetradrachm of about 150 B.C.

CHURCH'S 1400 YEARS

Crosthwaite Church, Keswick, often called the Cathedral of the Lakes, is to celebrate its 1400th anniversary. There has been a church on the spot ever since A.D. 553.

Please, I want
Cadburys!



He wants Cadburys Milk Chocolate, and he's right. It's the milk chocolate with the lovely creamy taste. And Cadburys make bars at the price a boy can pay. No wonder people are always saying 'Please, I want Cadburys!'



The Children's Newspaper, January 24, 1953

SMALLEST BOOK IN THE WORLD

Christopher Columbus's letter of 1493 announcing the discovery of America is among the treasures on view in an exhibition of old Italian books at the National Book League's London headquarters.

Another fascinating exhibit is the smallest book in the world, which is about three-fifths of an inch long and a little over three-tenths of an inch wide. It contains a letter by Galileo.

Other treasures to be seen include a beautiful 15th-century illuminated manuscript of Boccaccio's Decameron, first editions of Euclid, Dante, Petrarch, Machiavelli, Ariosto, and the first works of Galvani and Volta, pioneers of electricity.

The exhibition is open until March 21 at 7 Albemarle Street. A number of lectures are to be given in connection with it, and details of them can be obtained from the League.

REED HARVEST

With biting east winds, sweeping across the flat countryside of Broadland, the Norfolk reed-cutters have started their annual harvest, which will go on until late spring.

The work has to be carried out during the coldest time of the year as the reeds must wait until they are conditioned by frosts.

Using flat-bottomed boats, the reed-cutters move round the verges of the Broad, cutting the reeds with long-handled sickles and tying them into bundles.

Some of the smaller Broad have become choked with reeds, but the increasing demand for thatching means that the reed-cutters help to keep the waterways clear for summer holiday-makers.

PRECIOUS LOAD

When the inhabitants of Washington, D.C., saw a formidable police escort accompanying a small van through the streets of the capital they thought that a consignment of gold bullion was being moved from one bank to another.

In fact, the van contained two of America's most valued national possessions—the United States Constitution and the Declaration of Independence—which were being transferred from the Library of Congress to the National Archives Building.

In their new home, these two famous documents are on view to the public by day, but are lowered at night into a special fireproof and bombproof vault.

AULD LANG SYNE DOWN UNDER

At Waipu in New Zealand a crowd of 10,000 watched the centenary celebrations of the arrival of Highland settlers led by the famous pioneer Norman McCleod.

His settlers first went from Ross-shire and the Hebrides to Nova Scotia, and after some years there made the long voyage to New Zealand.

At the celebrations their landing was re-enacted in a pageant. Those taking part wore immigrants' clothes and carried carpet bags and prayer books which had been handed down from the original settlers. They were met by the only two survivors of the first migration, two old ladies aged 95 and 99. Norman McCleod was represented by his great-grandson, Alex McCleod.

The descendants chanted hymns and psalms in Gaelic as their forebears did 100 years ago, and then attended a thanksgiving service.

BOY WHO GOT HIS OWN FIRE ENGINE

When he was five, a boy named Robin Boyd was given a ride on a fire engine and decided that he was going to be a fireman when he grew up, and have his own engine.

Many boys make such resolutions and in due course forget them; but Robin stuck to his. Now 23, and living at Wadhurst in Sussex, he has his own fire engine and brigade of volunteers—recognised by the Sussex County Council.

He bought the fire engine for £175, and also paid for his volunteer firemen's uniforms and equipment. They turned an old hut into a fire station by painting it a smart red, and fixing up a control-room, warning lights, and intercom. They have been inspected by a Home Office expert and declared an efficient fire-fighting team.

Wadhurst has its own official fire service, but the County Council are glad to use Mr. Boyd's outfit as a reserve brigade. They have already been in action at several fires, acquitting themselves well.

LEARNING SELF-HELP

Blind people in the Gold Coast will soon have their own vocational training school in Accra, capital of this British colony. The new school will start with 25 pupils who will learn such handicrafts as basket-making, weaving, and rope-making. A workshop will be opened later to provide employment for the school's old pupils.



Winter warmers in Tokyo

These Japanese lads in Tokyo are not setting a window display or making scarecrows—they are covering sensitive plants with "dresses" of straw, to protect them from frost.

IN SECRET TIBET

"He was the most extraordinary man I have ever met. When I was a little girl he lived in a completely empty room and flew . . . He did what you would call exercises in levitation. I used to take him a little rice. He would be motionless in mid-air. Every day he rose a little higher. In the end he rose so high that I found it difficult to hand the rice up to him . . . There are certain things you don't forget!"

This is just one of the incidents from a whole article that you are not likely to forget—Secret Tibet, by Maraini Fosco—which appears, with many others, in Britain's most interesting magazine—WORLD DIGEST. On sale January 23. Price 1s. 3d.

HEALTHY YOUNG LONDONERS

The provisional figure of the infant death-rate in London last year—23 per 1000 live births—is the lowest ever recorded. In 1951 it was 25. The provisional figure for deaths of children under four weeks—15.6 per 1000—was also a record.

There were only three deaths from measles, seven from whooping cough, and one from scarlet fever. Diphtheria has largely been vanquished, thanks to the immunisation campaign; it caused only two deaths last year, compared with 250 a year before the war.

ON MR. PITCHFORK'S FARM

A Roman urn containing 130 coins has been ploughed up at Owstow Ferry, Doncaster, on the farm of Mr. Alan Pitchfork. Many date from before the time of Christ.

Dr. H. Walker, head of the British Museum's medal room, describes two of the 127 bronze coins in the collection as "unique," and Mr. Pitchfork has agreed to sell these to the British Museum.

The Safe Way

With the present big demand for C.N. the only way of making sure of your copy each Wednesday is to place an order with your newsagent.

HAS RUST BEEN DEFEATED?

It is seldom that the archaeologist, delving into the past, is of much assistance to the modern scientist. But the discovery at Hungate, Yorkshire, of an iron candlestick, a knife blade, and some iron hobnails buried there about 2000 years ago has proved to be of the greatest interest to scientists.

The reason for this interest is that these iron articles should have been reduced many centuries ago to little heaps of powdery red rust. In fact, however, they were remarkably well preserved.

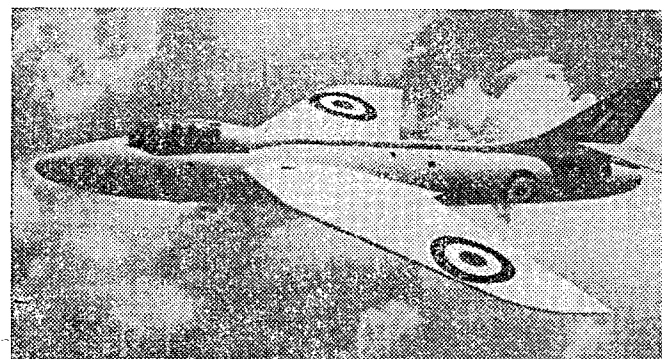
After an examination of the soil surrounding them, it was found that this was due to the presence near them of leather cuttings and shoes.

Further research revealed that the tannic acid from leather neutralises the corrosive oxidation that causes iron to rust. In view of the enormous and costly damage which rust does to objects of iron, this discovery may prove to be of the greatest importance.

OPERATION GRATITUDE

When a U.S. Serviceman goes home on leave to Shawnee, Oklahoma, he finds an organisation ready to give him free haircuts, dinners, cinema passes, bus rides, and so on.

All he has to do to obtain these privileges is to obtain the local newspaper's Operation Gratitude Card. The newspaper also writes up his story.



CAN YOU IDENTIFY THIS SWEEP-WING Super-Priority Jet?

They'll be talking a new language in the Royal Air Force tomorrow—a language of speeds, heights, thrusts and stresses that belong to a thrilling new world beyond the sound barrier. It's a world that will call for specialists both in the air and on the ground. And the way to become a specialist in the R.A.F. is to join when you're between 15 and 17½—as an Apprentice. The large number of senior R.A.F. officers who began as Apprentices proves that it's the way to start ahead and stay ahead right through your career. Write now for full details of the life that lies ahead for you in the R.A.F. today.

There's a place for
YOU IN THE R.A.F.

TO: ROYAL AIR FORCE (C.S. 150), VICTORY HOUSE, LONDON, W.C.2
I am over 14. Please send me details of:— (Tick which you require)

☐ (A) the Apprenticeship Scheme ☐ (B) the A.T.C.

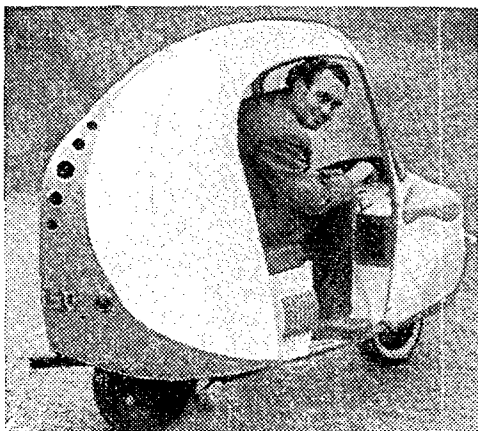
NAME

ADDRESS

AGE Date of Birth

Record-seeker

Mr. Alvin Rhiando of Cobham, Surrey, in the motor scooter he has designed and built, and in which he plans to break the London-Cape Town record. The vehicle is fitted with two-way radio in the air-conditioned cabin, and is specially sprung.



ZOO PREPARES FOR CORONATION TIME

By Craven Hill, C N Correspondent at Regent's Park

PLANS to make the London Zoo one of the outstanding show places in town during the Coronation season are already taking shape.

A big staff of painters has been engaged to give the Gardens a new look. Scores of 30-foot masts carrying the flags of all nations will be erected along all the main pathways. Gardeners are making an extensive horticultural display with red, white, and blue blooms in all the main flower beds.

Well before Easter thousands of fairy lights will have been fixed in preparation for the "late night openings" when, twice a week, the Gardens will be kept open until 11 p.m. with their chief features floodlit.

The "late nights" are being re-introduced this year for the first time since 1939, and are likely to be highly popular. Late meals will be available, and in the main restaurant a band will play popular music which will be relayed to all parts of the ground. In short, these "late nights" should become one of the most delightful features of the London summer season, and should prove a big attraction for Coronation visitors.

NOR are plans lacking on the menagerie side, where officials are now arranging for the exhibition of animals of special interest.

Already a Tuatera, a rare three-eyed lizard, has arrived from New Zealand. Central Africa has sent a Regal Sunbird from the Ruwenzori Range, a brilliant species now seen alive in Europe for the first time. And from Surinam has come a Jacana, a bird with feet specially adapted for walking on water-lilies and other floating plants.

Before this month is out, a collection of interesting birds from the Falkland Islands should have arrived. They include king penguins, king shags, and some rare "steamer" ducks—ducks which do not quack but grunt like pigs, and which, though flightless, can make a speed of about 15 knots by skimming the surface of the water.

Special efforts are being made to obtain another okapi, to replace the female, Zandy, who died last summer—the only one of her kind in this country. Negotiations for obtaining this new specimen are being made with the Antwerp Zoo and with the Government of the Belgian Congo, the only locality in the world where the okapi is found.

Being extremely rare animals (probably not more than 200 live in the Ituri Forest) the export of

Old friends

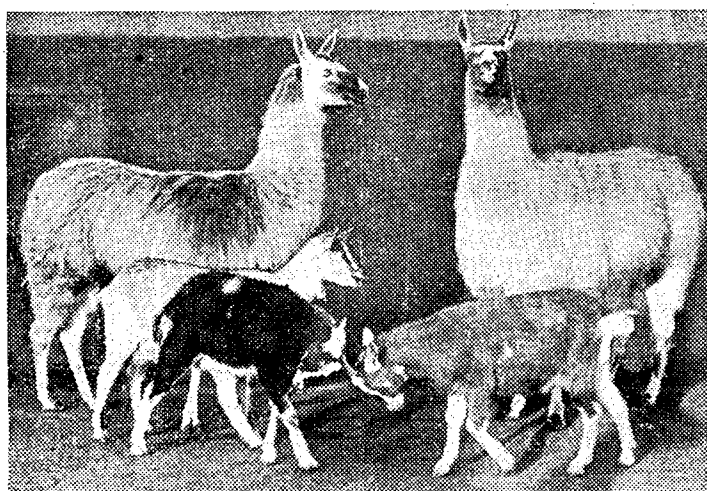


Maureen McVady, of Edgware, Middlesex, who has been appointed Supervisor of the Children's Zoo, Regent's Park. Miss McVady, who has been hostess there for four years, is here seen with Buddy and Jennie, two of her donkey friends.

the species from Africa is normally strictly forbidden. Only in very special cases does the Government of the Belgian Congo lift the embargo.

If, as is hoped, they consent to regard Coronation year as a "special case," and send an okapi over here, the animal would be formally presented to the Queen, who would then forward it to Regent's Park.

It would be the Zoo's most highly-prized exhibit. Since 1935 four okapis have lived in the Gardens, and at the annual stock-takings each one was valued at £2000, the highest figure ever accorded to a Zoo animal.



At loggerheads in the Zoo

These two young goats in the Children's Zoo, London, will have no visitors until March, so they pass the time with some playful butting. The dignified llamas seem to have very little interest in the high-spirited kids.



By Ernest Thomson, our Radio and Television Correspondent

T V afloat

DOWN to Dover a few days ago went Peter Dimmock, assistant head of Television Outside Broadcasts. He was supervising final tests by British Railways with new loading-ramps enabling a heavy mobile T V unit to be run on board the motor-ferry Lord Warden.

The plan is to televise a cross-Channel voyage in the spring. Passing ships will be identified with telephoto lenses and a call may be paid to the Goodwin lightship.

Word of warning: when T V pictures were transmitted from an aircraft over London three years ago, several viewers complained of air-sickness!

Letters galore

IN an office at Lime Grove T V studios I caught sight of a stack of laundry baskets. They were filled with the 7000 entries for a Saturday Special competition.

Children write far more letters than the grown-ups; in a recent week, I was told, Children's Television received 18,000—a record.

Background

A PROMISING experiment in T V production is scenery by "back projection," in which the backgrounds are provided by lantern slides.

Settings can be changed with the utmost rapidity, and the method has proved so successful that tests will soon be made with filmed backgrounds, such as street scenes or seascapes. The main difficulty is to synchronise the film image and T V cameras at exactly 50 pictures a second.

Coronation crowds

CORONATION plans already fixed by the BBC provide for microphone points dotted around London's West End.

There will be on-the-spot interviews on Coronation night with the crowds outside Buckingham Palace, in Trafalgar Square, Piccadilly Circus, and the Strand.

Younger generation

JACK SINGLETON, youth club leader and former school-master, is a BBC man who spends his time hunting up young people's pet subjects and having them argued about in Question Time in the Light Programme's Younger Generation series every Thursday.

The questions are answered spontaneously by a different panel of specialists in a different place each week.

Bernard Miles, the famous character actor, will face questions on drama next week at Weston-super-Mare, helped by Peggy Ann Wood of the Theatre Royal, Bristol.

For real adventure, the night to wait for is February 26 at the High Roding Youth Hostel, in Essex. Eric Shipton, the Mount Everest climber, will be there with Duncan Carse, the first "Dick Barton," who loves exploring for its own sake, and recently returned from a trek across Antarctica.

YOUNG BRITAIN'S HEART IS IN THE RIGHT PLACE

The many ways in which young people are giving selfless service to others are listed in a pamphlet published by King George's Jubilee Trust. Issued to give guidance to youth organisations and to inspire them to render like service to the community, this pamphlet provides ample evidence of something the C N is never tired of stating: that the heart of Britain's youth is in the right place.

THOSE who lament that our young people are not what they should be, form their opinion on exceptional cases; they overlook the many thousands of young men and women who are doing fine work which is seldom reported in the newspapers for the very simple reason that such good work is not exceptional.

The Jubilee Trust pamphlet describes how members of youth organisations are helping old people. It reveals that they do cleaning, gardening, and shopping for them; that they are tireless in peeling vegetables, changing library books, chopping wood, and organising entertainments for lonely old folk in need of a helping hand and a word of cheer.

FOR THE CHILDREN

Youth club members also help children by working in nurseries, infant welfare centres, play centres, and children's libraries; by arranging parties and outings and making toys for them; by "adopting" children in homes, taking them out, and inviting them for holidays in their own homes.

Then there are youth groups which take a great interest in the welfare of hospital patients, visit them, collect books for them, and carry out ward duties and domestic work in hospitals.

In this kind of work, of course, the St. John Ambulance Cadets and the Junior Red Cross excel. In some places they have highly organised schemes for helping local hospitals. One unit has a regular rota of voluntary ward orderlies and assistants to nurses.

Services which youth organisations render to churches include taking invalids to church in wheel chairs, arranging decorations for

special occasions, and Sunday-school teaching.

Young people in the country often help farmers by fruit and potato picking, haymaking, protecting flowers and campaigning against litter, surveying footpaths, and organising country holidays for city children.

A remarkable public service was that of young people in building of a new community centre. Members of another club raised enough money to buy four portable television sets which are taken round to the homes of infirm and crippled people. A group of clubs collected £4000 for The Save the Children Fund.

SIFTING ASHES

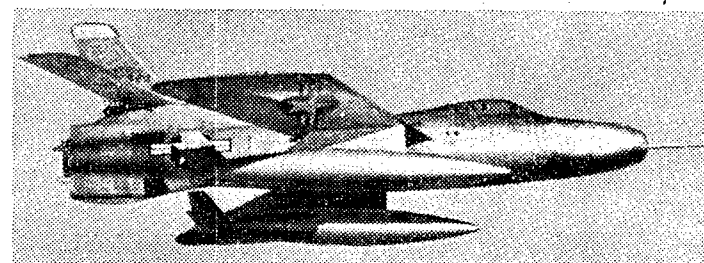
In addition to all these varied services, and many more, young people often keep their own clubs self-supporting. A typical example of this was when members of a boys' club found that the ashes outside their boiler-house contained much useful coke. By patiently sifting the ashes in relays for a year they brought their club's fuel bill down from £100 to £12.

The Jubilee Trust's pamphlet, called Opportunities for Young People to Serve the Community, certainly shows "a strong urge in the young people of today to be of service." Inspiring leadership is all that is wanted.

ALL IN A GOOD CAUSE

Over 9,800,000 used postage stamps were collected last year by the Brandon (Suffolk) Stamp Club for the British and Foreign Bible Society. The club is now engaged in collecting used Christmas cards, and hopes to exceed the total of 6,400,562 sent last year to the South London Mission.

PLANES FOR THE SPOTTER'S NOTEBOOK



31. Republic XF-91

The Republic XF-91 has the distinction of being the first American fighter to exceed the speed of sound in level flight.

Described as "bridging the gap between jet and rocket planes," the XF-91 is powered by a J-47 turbo-jet, delivering 8000-lb. thrust with the reheat unit turned on, and four rocket motors, each of 1500-lb. thrust, mounted two above and two below the rear of the tailpipe. With all five motors at full blast, the plane can reach a speed of nearly 1000 m.p.h.

The XF-91 has inverse-taper wings (wider at the tips than at the roots) of variable incidence, and a thin-wheel undercarriage. The purpose of the variable incidence is to allow the angle at which the wing is mounted on the fuselage to be varied, in order to assist the handling of the plane at both high and low speeds.

In our picture the plane is carrying two drop-tanks, each 20 feet long and containing 500 gallons of fuel.

Span of the XF-91 is 30 feet and its length is 42 feet.

The Children's Newspaper, January 24, 1953

THIS IS PROJECT KITIMAT

In the wild, mountainous country of northern British Columbia, engineers and construction gangs are hard at work on an industrial undertaking of breathtaking magnitude.

They are constructing a dam which will create a lake nearly as big as Wales. They are tunnelling ten miles into a mountain to build power stations for Canada's vast new aluminium industry—the biggest in the world.

The whole work is known as Project Kitimat, after the growing town on an inlet from the Pacific where ships will unload the bauxite ore for the new aluminium smelters.

Already this vast operation has changed the map, for it has wiped out the Nechako River, which used to flow eastward, and caused the water to accumulate in a reservoir with an outlet westward. A special correspondent here conveys something of the wonder of it all.

CANADA is the fourth exporting country in the world, and of its exports aluminium is fourth on the list. But such is the demand for this lightweight metal that the Canadians have embarked on Project Kitimat—the building of an industrial centre in the heart of wild and almost uninhabited country which up to ten years ago had yet to be fully explored.

"The size alone of the project is staggering," they told me. "It covers such a huge area that the supervising engineers travel from one construction site to another by helicopter or floatplane."

The plan involves building hundreds of miles of road through viciously rugged territory; constructing a dam across a canyon 1000 feet deep; boring a tunnel ten miles through a mountain to carry the torrent from the new lake through turbines situated deep in the mountains, and the erection of power cables across fifty miles of ridges rising to more than 5000 feet.

In addition to all this is the building of an industrial city, complete with blast furnaces and harbour, and with it all are the problems of transporting tens of thousands of tons of heavy equipment and materials, and thousands of workmen, into the zone of operations.

LESS than a century ago aluminium was so rare and valuable that Napoleon III. of France ordered his dinnerware to be made of the metal in preference to gold. Then, in 1886, in the little town of Oberlin, Ohio, a young man of 22, Charles Martin Hall, discovered how to make aluminium cheaply.

Aluminium is now one of the most plentiful metals available for a wide variety of modern needs. But to keep pace with aluminium's ever-increasing uses in more and more items, producers are hard-pressed to keep up with demand and to obtain the vast amounts of electricity needed to smelt the ore.

In 1948 engineers saw in the torrent of the Nechako River, and the numerous lakes and valleys flanking it, an answer to the cry for the vast supplies of electric power needed for the production of aluminium. Field parties set out to survey this part of north-west British Columbia, and for three years they worked along valleys and Indian trails which until then had felt nothing heavier

than the tread of the grizzly bear and of Indian moccasins. They travelled in all 12,000 miles.

Meanwhile, a tentative blueprint was being worked out, and when, late in 1951, the last of the field parties returned from the "bush" with their reports, everything was ready for The Plan to swing into action. Early last year engineers struck out into the wilderness in bitter below-zero weather to place the first dynamite charges.

THE plan is roughly this:

To build inside a mountain a power unit with a capacity of 420,000 h.p. and an ultimate output of 2,240,000 h.p. (by far the highest output for any single generating plant in the world);

By means of a huge dam, to combine a dozen large lakes and a myriad of smaller ones into one unbroken stretch of water covering more than 335 square miles;

To bore out the ten-mile tunnel through a mountain to drop the water down 2600 feet to the powerhouse at a place called Kemano;

To erect the transmission line to carry the power 50 miles through the mountains of British Columbia's coastal range to the head of the Douglas Channel, where the new aluminium city, Kitimat, is to stand;

And finally to build the city itself, complete with an aluminium smelter designed to produce nearly half a million metric tons annually—equal to the whole of Canada's present total output.

MR. GEORGE WHITE, big and square-jawed, one of the senior engineers, looks across the mud (called *gumbo*) and the piles of timber and steel girders, mounds of cement sacks and rows of bulldozers, and mutters, "In all, it'll cost 160 million dollars during the first stage of construction—that is up to 1954—and 500 million before the whole job is finished."

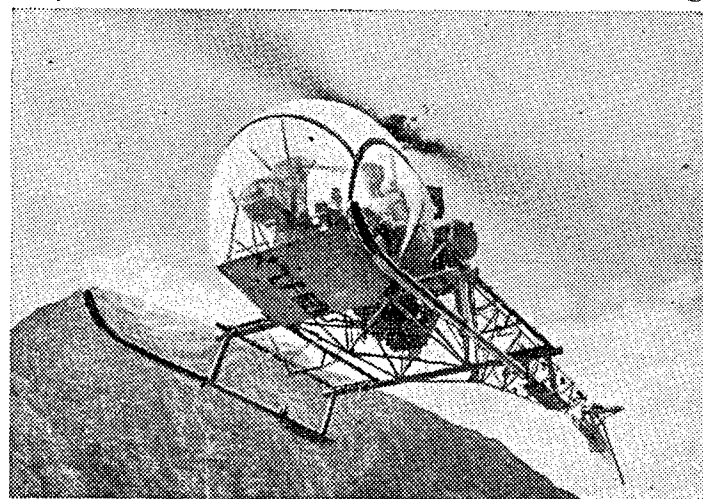
Work is being pressed ahead with boundless drive and energy—and with fleets of bulldozers and cement mixers, road-building machinery, and freighter aircraft.

The dam itself will be completed by next November. The construction of the road to the side of the dam illustrates the way the construction gangs are "going to it."

The order last February was to finish the job before the thaw, for otherwise it would be impossible to get the thousands of tons of road-building machinery into position before early summer, when the ground was once again hard. And the construction gangs fulfilled their orders.

Three weeks after the first bulldozer went to work a road had been pushed through to the ice-choked Grand Canyon, where other gangs, landed from the air, were already at work building a camp for 700 men. A huge network of roads is being laid with similar drive.

Drill-and-dynamite crews have already blasted their way 2800 feet



One of the helicopters which fly between the various camps to the site of the mid-mountain power rooms.

"We have less than two years to complete the tunnel and power cavern," says Blackie Thomas, a man with steady eyes set in an angular face. "Pretty rugged, but we'll do it."

THE building of Kitimat itself began with the arrival of six carpenters on a rocky, lonely, forbidding shore. In 20 years an

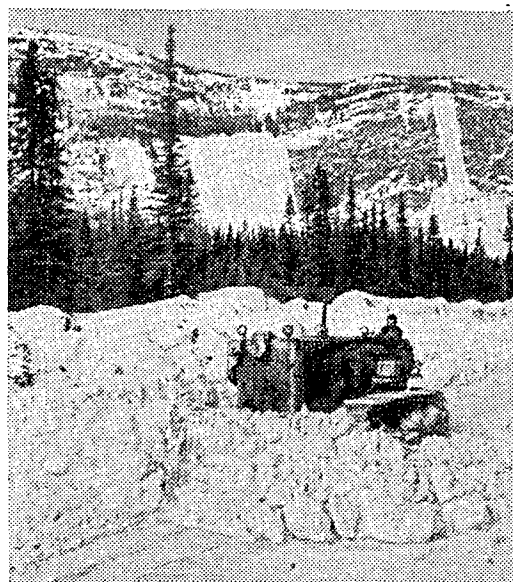
industrial town of about 50,000 people will stand where they stood.

In their wake came a barge carrying a bulldozer, and then a small army of construction men with plans for everything from docks to a civic centre, and from a cinema to an aluminium smelter to employ 1200 men next year, when the population will be about 7000.

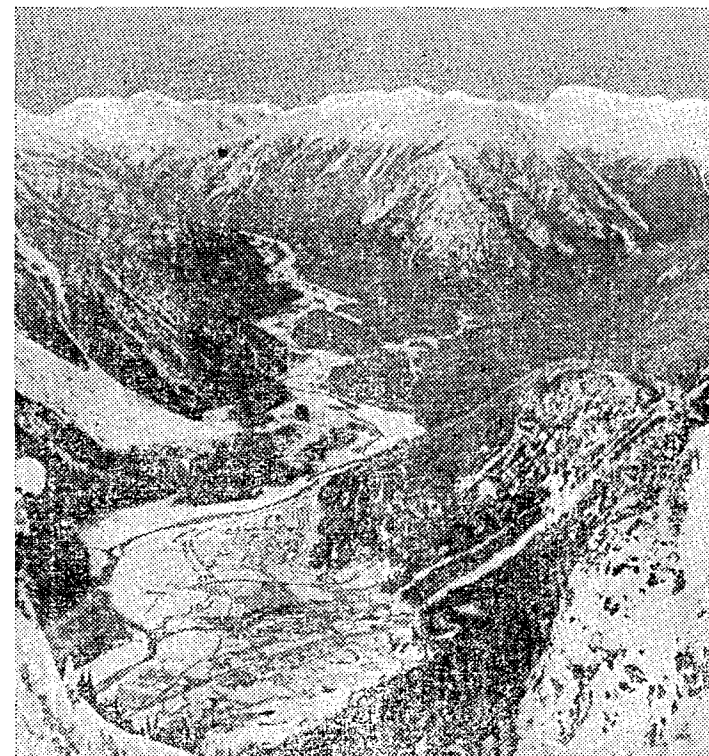
Ocean-going vessels will bring alumina (semi-processed bauxite ore) from British Guiana and

Jamaica to the new Kitimat docks. In the new dam, engineers will release the cascade and set the turbines deep in a mountain in motion, power will speed along the high-tension cables and the big blast furnaces of Kitimat will blaze up.

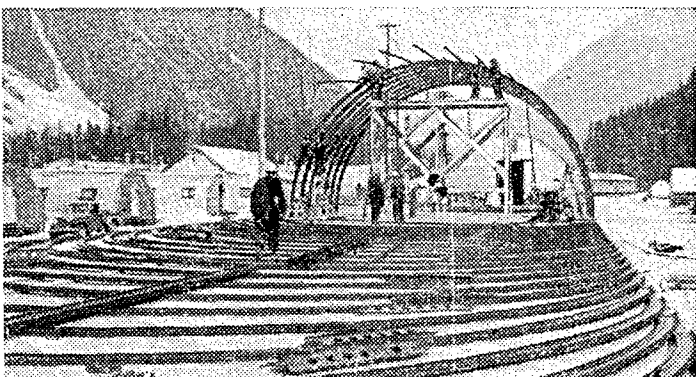
The man in charge of the whole undertaking, "Old Strandberg," raises his voice above the roar of machinery: "Say! That'll be quite a moment!"



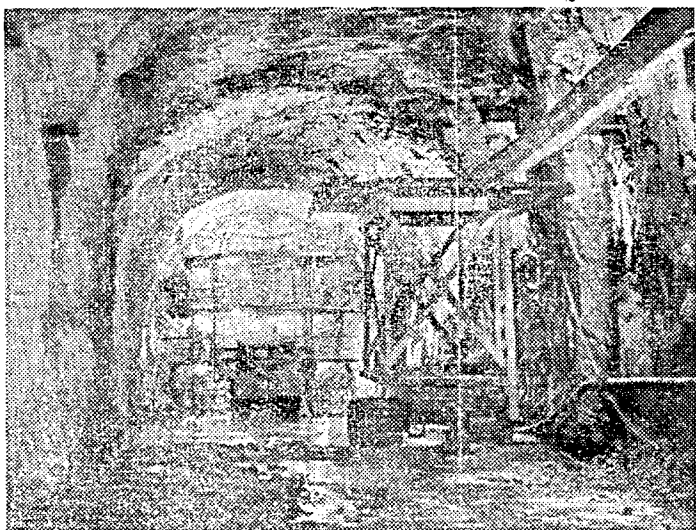
Bulldozing a road through the snow



Looking down at Kemano, site of the power house, which is fed from the lake ten miles away and 2600 feet above it



Erecting a recreation hall for the camp at Kemano, south-east of Kitimat



Driving a tunnel through solid rock in the heart of a mountain

Children's Newspaper

John Carpenter House
Whitefriars · London · E.C.4
JANUARY 24 1953

HAIL AND FAREWELL

OUR thoughts this week turn to the White House in Washington, for it has a new tenant. President Truman, an old and trusted friend of these islands, has stepped down from his exalted office, and Dwight D. Eisenhower has been inaugurated in his place.

Harry S. Truman, who has been President of the United States since 1945, has travelled a thorny path, valiantly shouldering a burden perhaps greater than any his 32 predecessors were called upon to bear. Now he has laid down his burden, and the wish of mankind everywhere is that he will spend the evening of his life in tranquillity and contentment—in a world at peace.

President Eisenhower already knows how much the world expects of him. He is affectionately remembered and respected outside his country as no other President has been at the beginning of his term of office. He knows that all nations look to him in faith and hope.

A brilliant leader in war, he has remained ever since a warm comrade, and a champion of all that free men cherish and are resolved to defend.

Hail, Dwight Eisenhower, 34th President of the United States of America!

Under the Editor's Table

Some people have a taste for learning. Devour books.

It is easy for us to forget the lawn-mower at this time of year. It's no time to be cutting.

A boy says he knows how to make shoe polish go twice as far. Uses it only every other day.

If you leave an umbrella at a friend's house it may mean you want an excuse to return. Or don't like carrying umbrellas.

BILLY BEETLE



The Editor's Table

NO PLACE LIKE HOME

THE Vicar of St. Martin-in-the-Fields said recently that 60 per cent of those whom he married were not going to a home of their own.

"The home," the vicar of this famous London church went on, "offers the fullest opportunity for developing the best qualities of the human spirit: friendship, unselfishness, self-discipline, and the joy of doing hard work for the sake of other people."

He spoke of a vital problem. Unless they have a place of their own, it is hard for young people starting married life to become contented citizens and good parents.

What bitter irony it is that while many people are dreaming of space-ships for flying to the Moon, others seem to be "crying for the Moon" merely in asking for houses here on Earth!

Loving-kindness

A 12-YEAR-OLD Nigerian leper girl for whose treatment and maintenance at the Itu leper colony she paid, and who has now been discharged, is the second leper girl to be thus "adopted" by the Queen. The Duke of Edinburgh also adopted a leprosy patient in 1950 who has since been cured.

The Queen had previously shown sympathy for these unfortunate people when she was in South Africa with her parents in 1947.

During a public function she noticed that some Girl Guides in a bus were kept apart from the others, and was told they were lepers.

"Oh, how terribly sad!" she exclaimed, and immediately went to have a talk with them.

It is such loving-kindness and thought for others that has so endeared the Royal Family to the peoples of the British Commonwealth.

Girls in this Age of Science

"I AM glad to see so many girls here—the future is going to be very scientific and mechanical, and girls must learn about these things as well as boys, because our whole lives are going to be shaped by them."

The speaker was Dr. J. H. Mitchell, vice-chairman of the Institution of Electrical Engineers, giving a lecture on Electricity through Gases to 1500 schoolchildren at Nottingham.

New Discovery



The new Viscount prop-jet airliners which British European Airways will shortly put into service are known as the Discovery class. An air hostess is here seen with a model of Captain Cook's ship, the Discovery, which will adorn the cabin of the flagship of the fleet.

Never-say-die spirit

EIGHTEEN-YEAR-OLD Arnold Rosenthal, who lives in the Bronx area of New York; can neither walk nor dress and feed himself; but seated in his wheelchair, he can move his arms and hands from side to side for short distances.

This restricted power of movement just enables him to paint, and he has achieved the distinction of a one-man art show.

When we talk of difficulties, we do well to remember the Arnold Rosenthals of this world.

Thirty Years Ago

IT has been raining little toads in France.

For two or three days people in the neighbourhood of Chalon-sur-Saône have been horrified to see these tiny visitors descending from the skies.

There is nothing mysterious in such an event. As C N readers know, little toads, little frogs, small fishes, and other things which haunt shallow waters or the surface of deep waters, are from time to time caught up by whirlwinds, and deposited where the wind wills.

Seeds, dust, powdered lava from volcanoes, insects, wearied birds, all ride the storm and come as wonders to the simple upon whom they alight.

From the Children's Newspaper, January 27, 1923

COMPLETE CYCLIST

LAST year twice as many pedal cyclists between 10 and 15 were killed and injured as pedestrians of the same age. That is a tragic fact, and it becomes even more tragic when it is realised that in many cases the responsible factor was neglect of the things to which an efficient cyclist never fails to pay attention.

All who ride bicycles should make sure that brakes, chain, lights, and so on are in working order; they should also scrupulously observe all the rules for safe riding—stopping at cross-roads, keeping to the left, not swerving suddenly to the right, and certainly never riding three abreast.

It is a simple everyday thing to jump on a bike, yet disaster awaits the unwary from the moment that feet leave the ground.

Food for thought

How much food does the world produce each year? How far does it "go round" among the world's rapidly-growing population? What are the chances of more food during the next ten years?

The answers to these and many similar questions are contained in a recent publication by the Food and Agricultural Organisation called Second World Food Survey (H.M. Stationery Office, 2s. 6d.).

This report examines the food situation in the main regions of the world and suggests ways in which the world's food production could be increased.

That this is one of the most urgent issues facing the world is apparent from the survey. "It cannot be over-emphasised," it says, "that freedom from hunger itself helps towards peace and security."

FOE OF TYRANTS

Truth ever lovely—since the world began,
The foe of tyrants and the friend of man.
Thomas Campbell

THINGS SAID

THE youngsters are learning faster than their parents.
Romford Road Safety Committee speaker

THE reason most people don't recognise opportunity is that it is usually going around disguised as work.
An American university magazine

OUR ultimate strength lies, not alone in arms, but in the sense of moral values and moral truths that give meaning and vitality to the purposes of free people.
Mr. Harry Truman

SO rapid and continuous have been the advances in the science of aeronautics during the last few years, that once again we are on the fringe of the unknown.
Mr. T. O. M. Sopwith

FOR every cosh boy produced, I could produce at least ten examples of boys very nearly at the level of saints.
Mr. James Hemming, University of London

THE standard of camp cooking among Scouts today is not what it was. We must get back our old skill, and we must make our Scouts realise that cooking doesn't end at Second Class.
Lord Rowallan, the Chief Scout

IN THE COUNTRY

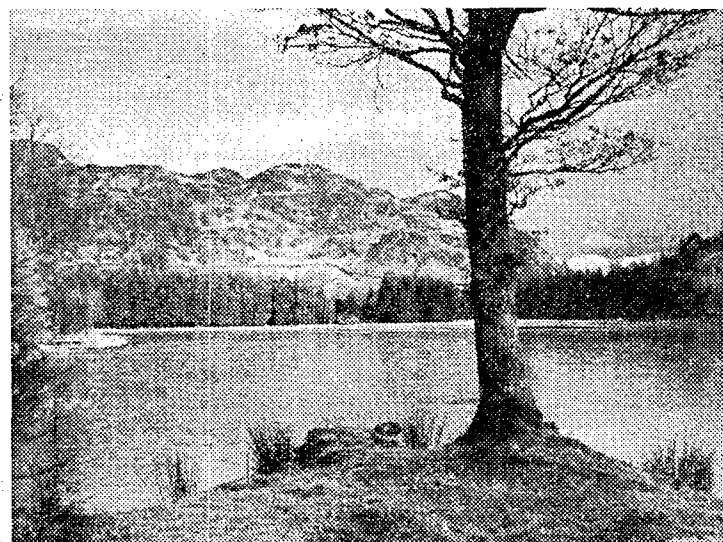
By the old wooden bridge a ray of sunlight is focused on a grey wagtail, enhancing his sulphur-hued underparts as he flits about on the pebbly margin of the stream. His long springy tail in black and white quivers unceasingly. As he skims away downstream in dipping flight he gleams like a living gem.

On the bank beneath the woodland's edge goldfinches give us a picture of breath-taking beauty, appreciated more when prevailing hues are drab.

Such things as these make the wintry scene attractive in a way not realised by folk who know the countryside only in summer.

JUST AN IDEA

As Dryden wrote:
All habits gather by unseen degrees,
As brooks make rivers, rivers run to seas.



OUR HOMELAND

Yew Tree Tarn, near Conistone, in the Lake District. See page 3

LEARNING TO BE A FARMER

Two years ago the *CN* began a series of articles in which we followed the experiences of young Ian Farley on a farm after leaving school at 15. He was not old enough to enter a farming college, so his father sent him to stay with an old farmer friend, Jim Waring, who was willing to show the lad how a modern farm is managed. Now, having completed two years' hard practical work as a learner on Mr. Waring's farm, Ian has gained a scholarship for a course at an Agricultural College. In this new series of articles we shall describe, month by month, how Ian continues his studies of the scientific side of farming.

First days at Agricultural College

At first Ian found the Agricultural College rather confusing. It was such a large place, with so many scattered departments.

But there were 50 other boys of his own age there, and by helping one another they soon found their way about and became used to the routine.

The 50 students were divided into two halves, one called Set A and the other Set B. Every morning Set A, to which Ian belonged, had lectures in the classroom while Set B worked out of doors on the College farm.

PRACTICE AND THEORY

In the afternoons they changed round, so that every day each student had half a day's practical work and half a day's lectures from experts.

The practical work was not the same as Ian had been accustomed to on Mr. Waring's farm. Instead, he and one or two other students went with one of the skilled farm workers on the College farm and were taught the officially orthodox way of doing whatever job they were assigned to.

ENJOYABLE LECTURES

It was, however, the lectures that Ian enjoyed most. He had imagined them to be like classes at school, and he had a pleasant surprise when they turned out to be quite different.

The lecturers spoke on their particular subjects very informally, and the class often developed into a general discussion. If anyone was not quite sure about some point he had only to ask and it would be thoroughly thrashed out

before the lecture proceeded on its way.

One series of lectures on Dairy Cow Rationing puzzled Ian at first. As he remarked to his neighbour in class, "As far as I ever saw, cows eat just as much as they can, whenever they can get hold of it. It's only us poor human beings who are rationed."

He soon learned that he was wrong!

"Dairy cows," said the lecturer, "need specially rich, concentrated foods in order to produce milk. If we let the cow eat as much hay or straw as she liked, she wouldn't have any room left for these milk-producing foods, and as a result she would not give as much milk as she was capable of doing."

"Consequently, cows producing a lot of milk must be fed mainly on rich foods, or, as they are more commonly called, concentrates, such as bean meal and ground oats, and fed only a little hay and straw."

MORE MILK

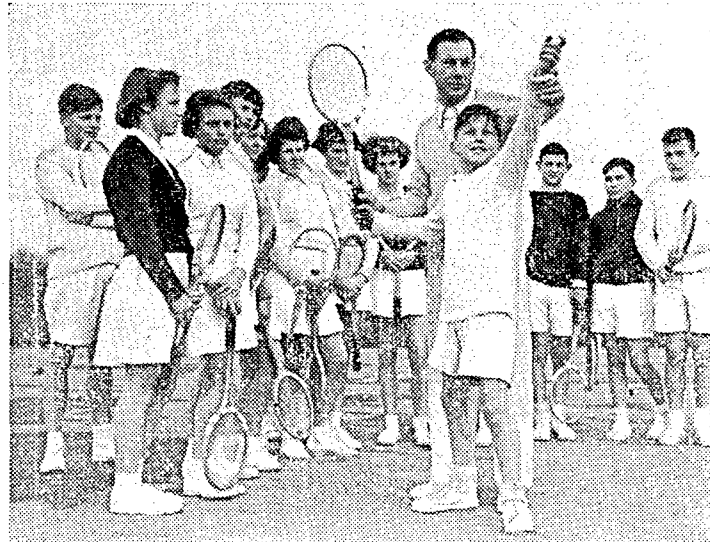
"Does that mean," asked Ian, "that all we have to do to make a cow produce a lot of milk is not to let it eat hay or straw, but feed it only on these concentrates?"

"I only wish it did," said the lecturer; "there would then be no fear of milk rationing and we would have as much butter and cheese as we wanted."

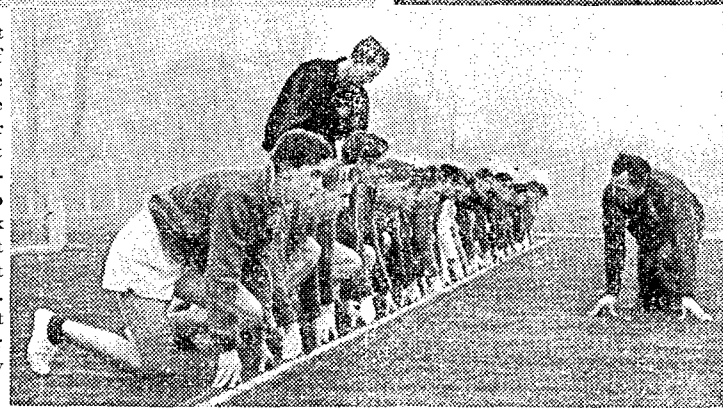
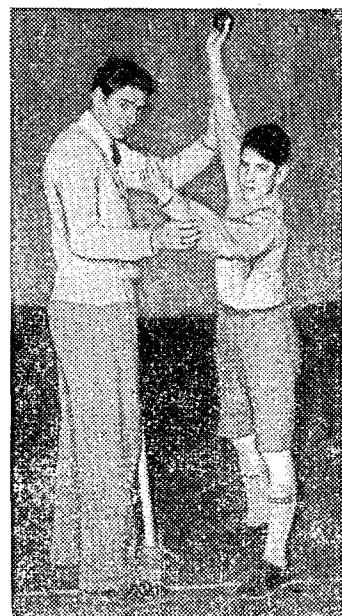
"Unfortunately, though, there are a lot of cows which will never produce large quantities of milk, no matter how much concentrates they get. If one of these cows is fed a lot of concentrates, most of them are wasted, and we cannot

Continued in next column

Advice from the experts



Winter training for summer sport is now in full swing in many parts of Britain and famous coaches are giving the benefit of their experience to young sports enthusiasts. Our pictures show (above) Dan Maskell, at Middleton-on-Sea, teaching youthful tennis players to serve; and (top right) Jim Parks, the young Sussex cricketer, coaching a boy at the county's indoor cricket school at Hove. In the lower picture A. R. Malcolm is demonstrating the sprint start to young athletes at Mottspur Park, Surrey, with John Wheatley correcting faults.



afford to do that. They are very expensive, costing up to £35 a ton—and a cow soon eats up a ton of food.

"Therefore cows which we know to be naturally low yielders only get a small amount of concentrates, the rest of their food being made up of hay, straw, and turnips or swedes, which are much cheaper to produce."

"Thus we ration the cows, the ones producing the most milk getting the best rations—just as, during the war, men like miners and farm workers, who were doing the heaviest work, got extra rations of energy-giving foods, while those people doing ordinary work only got the standard rations."

(Next month young Ian Farley will get up early in the morning to do duty in the dairy.)

THE BOY WHO WAS EROS

The famous Piccadilly Circus statue of Eros is now lying in a Kensington warehouse while engineers instal fresh apparatus for the fountain in time for the Coronation.

It is just three years since the boy who was Eros died in London at the age of 73. Angelo Colarossi was his name, and he was a boy of 17 when he was chosen by Sir Alfred Gilbert to be his model for Eros. He had to stand on the ball of his left foot, leaning forward with arms outstretched and wearing a pair of paper wings.

Few members of his profession—the Law—knew that he had been the model. His father posed as the sailor for Millais in the famous Boyhood of Raleigh picture.

ANCIENT FAMILY'S TREASURES

A portrait of Sir Francis Bacon is among 44 pictures which have been presented by his descendant, Sir Edmund Bacon, to Gainsborough's historic Old Hall.

This fine old Lincolnshire house, standing on a site which has been occupied for over a thousand years and more, contains an unsurpassed example of a mediæval baronial hall. At one end is a great brick kitchen with two fireplaces big enough for roasting an ox.

The pictures to be hung there come from the home of the Bacon family, Thonock Hall, near the town.

Sir Edmund Bacon, who is the premier baronet of England, is leaving Thonock Hall to live in a smaller house in Gainsborough.

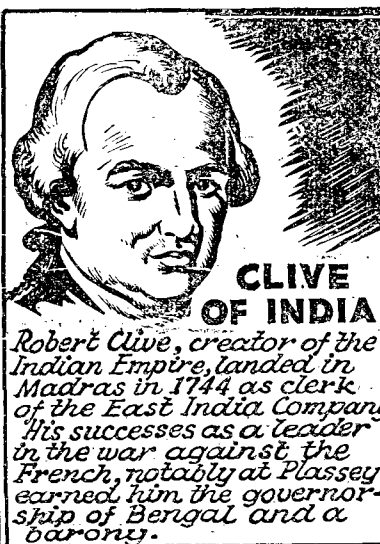
Empire Mosaic—25

by Ridgway



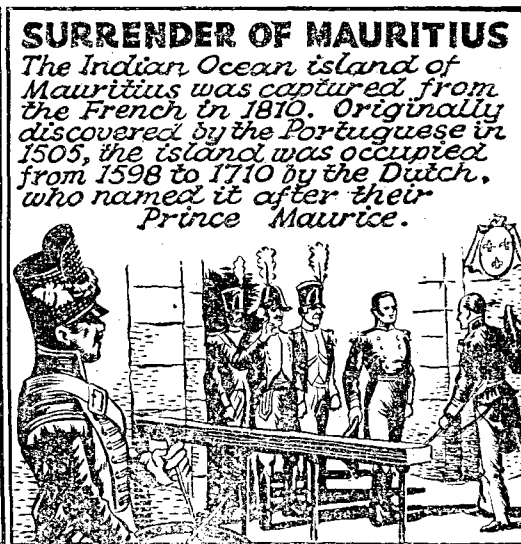
LEGEND OF THE THORNY DEVIL

The Aborigines of Central Australia believe that at the Creation the Thorny Devil Lizard invited the smaller reptiles and birds to a ceremony, at which they were richly decorated with coloured markings and pointed sticks. A bush fire swept over the party and left its traces on all except the Thorny Devil, which still wears its ceremonial dress of decorated sticks.



CLIVE OF INDIA

Robert Clive, creator of the Indian Empire, landed in Madras in 1744 as clerk of the East India Company. His successes as a leader in the war against the French, notably at Plassey, earned him the governorship of Bengal and a barony.



SURRENDER OF MAURITIUS

The Indian Ocean island of Mauritius was captured from the French in 1810. Originally discovered by the Portuguese in 1505, the island was occupied from 1598 to 1710 by the Dutch, who named it after their Prince Maurice.

SCOUTS WILL LIGHT THE BEACONS

Hilltops on which beacons were lighted in days gone by to give warning of invasion will be ablaze again in June. Scouts are to light a chain of beacons throughout Britain on Coronation night, the National Trust having generously offered to help in finding sites and providing fuel.

Beacon fires were once frequently used as a means of signalling. In Scotland, for example, rules were laid down in 1455 for their use to give the alarm of an English invasion. One fire on the hills meant that a certain number of English were approaching; two fires side by side meant that the enemy were "coming indeed"; four fires that they were in great numbers.

When the Spanish Armada was expected, the beacons and their watchers throughout the land were thoroughly prepared beforehand. The fires were built and kept dry by a rate levied on a whole county, and watchers were posted at them regularly.

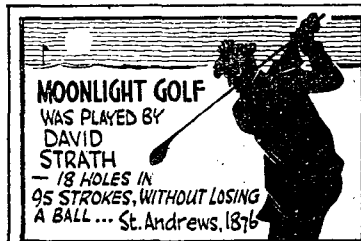
SPEEDY NEWS

How quickly news could be spread by this means was demonstrated in more recent times when beacons were lit in celebration of Queen Victoria's Jubilee. The first to be lit, giving the signal to the others, was on an ancient site on Malvern Hill. It took only seven minutes for the fire signals to travel from Malvern to the Lake District.

This Malvern beacon had been lit for the Armada, for the sighting of the Dutch Fleet, and the arrival of the Young Chevalier.

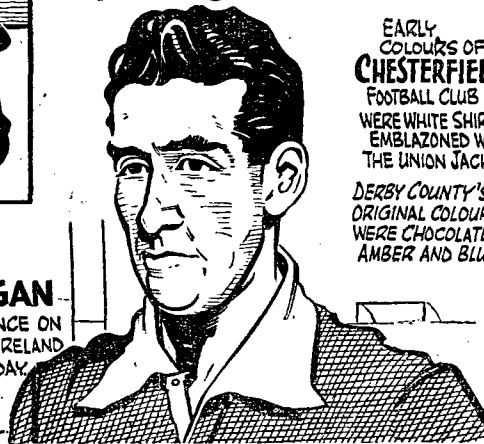
Next June all the Scouts' fires will be lit at the same time. Each will be a pile at least ten feet high, and it is hoped that rockets with red, green, and yellow stars can be fired at the same time.

The last time that Scouts lit beacons all over the country was in 1935, when nearly 2000 were built and burned in honour of the Jubilee of King George V. Many of the old sites discovered then will glow again this summer.



A REMARKABLE RECORD WAS SET UP SEVEN YEARS AGO WHEN **DR. KEVIN O'FLANAGAN** PLAYED RUGBY FOR IRELAND V. FRANCE ON JANUARY 26, 1946 AND SOCCER FOR IRELAND V. SCOTLAND THE FOLLOWING SATURDAY. HIS BROTHER, MICHAEL, WAS ALSO A RUGBY AND SOCCER INTERNATIONAL.

Sporting Flashbacks



EARLY COLOURS OF CHESTERFIELD FOOTBALL CLUB WERE WHITE SHIRTS EMBROIDERED WITH THE UNION JACK. DERBY COUNTY'S ORIGINAL COLOURS WERE CHOCOLATE, AMBER AND BLUE.



PABLO GELMINI AND HIS FAMILY OF 600

In the heart of the city of Trieste there is a gloomy, thick-walled prison containing 600 men; but none of them are prisoners, for this forbidding building, the Gesuiti Prison, has been converted into a home or camp for refugees.

The man behind this transformation is a solid, chunky, cheerful Italian named Pablo Gelmini. He knows what it is to be a refugee, for he fled from his own country in the days of Mussolini.

Pablo knows only too well what it means to be without a home, and with very little hope for the future. So when the Y.M.C.A. and the World Council of Churches gave him the chance of turning the ex-prison into a home for decent men to live

in he seized it with both hands.

A year ago 600 men invaded the cells and corridors of the prison. They came from all over Europe; they were all refugees from oppression, men who valued freedom of opinion and speech even more than their own land. One was a young teacher who had refused to teach Communist doctrine, another a young Bulgarian who disagreed with his local authorities and made the hazardous journey to Trieste and freedom.

EAGER TO EMIGRATE

Most of Pablo Gelmini's "family" are young men, and most of them are eager to emigrate across the seas to start life anew in the New World.

The Gesuiti Prison is not, of course, a series of luxury flats. Life is austere for those who live within its walls. Each cell has a double-decker bunk bed; each man has a tin cup and tin plate and he has to stand twice a day in the bread-line to get his supply of soup and potatoes; each man has to sit on the edge of his bunk-bed, close to a comrade, to eat his meals.

Yet Pablo Gelmini manages to make his family of 600 happy, and they take delight in hearing his cheery voice resound through the corridors. He has given them

language classes, concerts, radio, a library, and their own magazine.

None of the men are allowed to work in Trieste, and when they go out they have to give up their ration cards, just as when they are back in "prison" they have to give up their identity cards.

In spite of these restrictions and the gloom of the ex-prison building Pablo Gelmini thinks of his job as "home-making."

And so does his family. Whenever a refugee manages to emigrate he writes back to Pablo Gelmini as if he were writing home.

Most of the men have no other home, and in their struggle to start a new life they are grateful to Pablo Gelmini for all the help and the hope he has given them.

SALT v. COAL DUST IN THE MINE

Salt solutions to overcome the coal dust danger to miners are being used in experiments in a West Yorkshire pit.

Coal dust causes the illness of pneumoconiosis among miners, and many methods have been tried to overcome the danger. In the new experiment a salt solution is sprayed, forming a layer of fine crystals which trap the particles of dust.

HOW TO LAND ON THE MOON

Space-ships have long been flying in realms of fantasy. They came nearer to reality when Mr. R. A. Smith of the Interplanetary Society went into details of how a space-ship would land on the Moon.

At a London meeting of the society he suggested that the ship would circle low round the mountains and plains of the Moon so that the pilot could select a suitable landing place. It would have to come down backwards, using its rocket motor to obtain a gentle descent, and land on its legs, which would have to be well played out.

The legs would have large discs at their base—to be web-footed, so to speak—as much of the Moon's surface is believed to consist of fine dust. The ship, of course, would have to be provided with shock-absorbers.

The pilot's first task on deciding to land, however, would be to get his ship into the right position, with legs downwards. For this, perhaps, gyroscopic mechanism might be used, or the rocket jet swivelled. Two other methods would be either to use deflecting vanes in the jet or, best of all, as Mr. Smith thinks, small auxiliary rockets at the ends of the space-ship.

A CORNER OF LAKELAND

Yew Tree Tarn, three miles north of Coniston, has been bought by the National Trust with a fund provided by a bequest of Miss Ethel Beckton, of Macclesfield, for the "preservation of beauty spots in the English Lake District."

Surrounded by other properties of the National Trust, the purchase covers 19 acres, including woodland, along the road to Skelwith Bridge and Ambleside. The tarn was formed in 1923 when a dam was built to improve the fishing.

A photograph appears on page 6.

THE CORAL ISLAND—R. M. Ballantyne's story of the South Seas, told in pictures (1)

Early in the 19th century 15-year-old Ralph Rover, excited by stories of the beautiful islands of the South Seas and

their savage inhabitants, resolved to make a voyage to them. He joined the sailing ship Arrow, and soon made

friends with two other boys: Jack Martin, a sturdy, kindly youth of 18, and Peterkin Gay, a whimsical lad of 14.



In a storm in the South Seas the Arrow struck a reef round an island and sank. Ralph was knocked unconscious when he was swept overboard, but Jack managed to get him into the calmer water inside the reef, and to push him to the beach; Peterkin got ashore clinging to an oar. There was no sign of the ship or of other survivors. They wondered anxiously whether there were cannibals on the island.



They saw no signs of inhabitants, and they realised sadly that all their shipmates must have perished. They would have to live here by themselves until they could attract the attention of a passing vessel. Nothing of value came ashore from the Arrow, and the only useful things they had were a penknife, a needle, some whip-cord and, best of all, an axe, which they found stuck in Peterkin's oar.



They found coconuts to eat, but as night fell, they badly needed a fire. Jack remembered an old way of making one. He cut a branch and made it into a bow with the whip-cord. Then he sharpened a short stick at both ends and passed the cord of the bow round it. By holding the stick against a chip on his chest and revolving it with the bow, he set light to some tinder, and they soon had a cheerful blaze.



Next day they went exploring and found they would not be badly off for food. There were bread-fruit trees, and other kinds of fruit, the taro vegetable, and roots called yams. Streams ran down the valleys. They climbed to a hill-top and saw that their tree-clad island was almost circular; about ten miles wide and 30 miles in circumference. Round its sandy shores ran the coral reef, with three openings.

What dangers await the three young castaways in this beautiful place? See next week's instalment

The Children's Newspaper, January 24, 1953

A thrilling serial of Queen Anne's day

THE SILKEN SECRET

by Geoffrey Trease

Dick Arlington, an 18th-century boy, and Pharamus Fazeley, a London journalist, are staying with Celia Mount at her uncle's silk-mill in Derbyshire. In stalking a mysterious Italian who is somehow threatening Mr. Mount, Dick and Celia trespass upon Lord Lathkill's estate. He punishes them with a shower-bath from his artificial willow tree.

7. The gipsy at the door

SOAKED to the skin, they lost no time in quitting Lord Lathkill's domain.

Their one desire was to get home unnoticed, but they were unlucky. As they trudged the last half-mile along the river bank, they met Fazeley.

He stared at the two bedraggled figures, and chuckled. "What have you been up to? Falling in the river?"

"No, sir," growled Dick. "It was Lord Lathkill's idea of a joke."

"The silly old fool!" said Celia. "He has a tree fitted up with hidden water-pipes. We were standing under it and he turned the tap on—we were swamped!"

The little journalist kept his face straight with an effort. "How did you come to be there? Were you trespassing?"

"We never meant to, Mr. Fazeley. We were too excited to think about it. We'd been following that man that Dick heard singing—you know, the song that affected Uncle Charles so. He was singing the very same song, so we tracked him through the woods—and then, unfortunately, we ran into Lord Lathkill giving a picnic. But the man is an Italian, just as we thought."

"Lord Lathkill said he was his new Italian gardener," said Dick. "Foscari he called him."

"He must be very new," said Celia darkly. "Because it is only a month or so since I saw him on Hampstead Heath. He was the leader of the men who attacked us."

"ARE you sure?" said Fazeley. "They were all masked."

"I'm sure. I shan't forget that face."

Fazeley turned to Dick. "What about you?"

"I couldn't swear to that, sir, but I have seen this fellow before."

"When? Not the other night? You said you only caught a glimpse—"

"No, sir—that night in London. Do you remember a foreign-looking man, by himself at a table?"

"Why, yes!" cried Fazeley delightedly. "Pon my soul, the whole thing hangs together. I've some news for you, too."

"Oh, what is it?" cried Celia.

"As editor of The Courier I had correspondents all over Europe. When I ask questions, these gentlemen do their best to find me the answers."

"You mean—you've somebody in Italy who could find out—"

"Somebody who has found out," Fazeley corrected her. "I wrote some weeks ago. I fear that your uncle would be extremely provoked if he knew, and I must ask you to say nothing."

"Never fear!" Celia assured him with a mock shudder. "But do tell us—what has been found out?"

"I had a letter today. Last year, and early this year, there was a strange Englishman wandering alone through Northern Italy. It became evident that he was interested in the celebrated silk-mills of Piedmont."

"That's where all Mr. Mount's thread comes from," broke in Dick. "Will, the foreman, told me. There's one of the processes—the silk-throwing, they call it—that no one else knows about."

"My correspondent told me more," continued Fazeley. "The strange Englishman had to leave the country in a hurry. He appeared suddenly in Genoa and rushed aboard an English ship which was on the point of sailing. His departure was watched by a number of Italians on the quay, who were waving—knives."

CELIA gave a little gasp. Dick said: "It looks as though some of them followed him to England. One at least."

"It may be. The long arm of Italian vengeance," mused Fazeley.

"I wonder what Uncle Charles did to vex them so much," Celia speculated. "I'm sure he would not do anything bad. I wish I dared ask him, but—"

"Not yet," said Fazeley. "Mr. Mount might order me out of the house. And I am particularly anxious to remain at Milldale for the next week or two."

"To see what happens?" asked Dick.

"Yes. And perhaps," said Faze-

ley in a graver tone, "to prevent what might happen. I think your uncle is in danger, Celia, and we must all be on our guard for him. At least he is aware of his own danger—he must have recognised that song of Foscari's the other night as one he had often heard in Northern Italy, and he must guess that someone has tracked him to Derbyshire. It would be so much easier if he would take us into his confidence, but there . . ."

"Uncle is Uncle, and you can't change him," said Celia. "It would be much worse if you and Dick had to go back to London. I should be terrified, staying here alone."

FURTHER conversation was prevented by their arrival at the Mill House. Mrs. Ruddle was standing on her kitchen doorstep, driving off a gipsy-woman.

"Away with ye, ye good-for-nowt Egyptian!" rattled the old housekeeper. "Get off my clean step afore I lay this broom behind ye—"

The gipsy waited for no more. Seeing no chance of a sale, she flung out of the yard with a defiant toss of her kerchiefed head which set her earrings flashing. Mrs. Ruddle turned her fire on Dick and Celia.

"An' there's no call for you two to stand there grinnin'! Straight upstairs, an' change into summat dry, afore ye catch ye deaths o' cold an' I get two invalids on me hands!"

They scraped their shoes carefully and fled past her on tiptoe. The kitchen table was covered with new cakes and tarts, but Mrs. Ruddle shooed them through with a menacing flourish of her broom and banged the door sharply behind them.

"Ye mustn't mind Mrs. Ruddle, Miss Celia," said one of the maids who slipped up to fetch the girl's wet clothes from the bedroom. "She can't abide them gipsies as come sneakin' round the door."

"Agnes," said Celia thoughtfully, "it is some while before supper. Those jam tarts Mrs. Ruddle had just been making—"

"Oh, they're for tomorrow, miss. 'T would be as much as my place is worth if I were to fetch you one o' those."

"A pity. But never mind."

THE thought of those tarts, however, tormented Celia all that evening. She had an impish desire to outwit Mrs. Ruddle, and so, an hour after all had retired to bed, Dick was awakened by the stealthy opening of his door.

He sat up, instantly alert. His first thought was of Foscari. He was surprised when Celia spoke softly from the darkness. "Dick! Are you awake?"

"I am now. What's the matter?"

"Nothing. But I'm very hungry, Continued on page 10

Even for tough guys . .

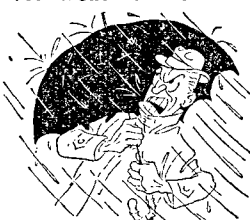


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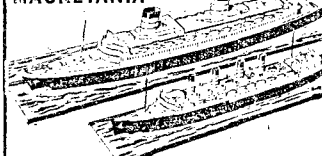


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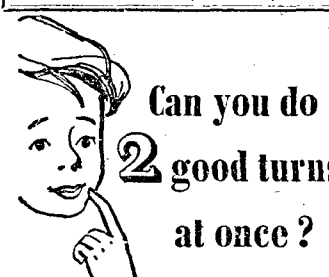
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YOUNG QUIZ



- 1 What is the name for a group of whales?
- 2 Who was the first white child born in America?
- 3 What do the letters W.H.O. represent?
- 4 Tenacious means fast-moving, experimental, or holding fast?
- 5 When will the Coronation take place?
- 6 Which Soccer teams have won the League championship in three successive seasons?
- 7 Who invaded Britain first: the Saxons or the Normans?
- 8 What is a palaeontologist?

Answers on page 12

10



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1951 Royal Visit



Princess Anne and Prince Charles

WRIGHT'S STAMP SHOP, Dept. 18, CANTERBURY, Kent.

SPORTS SHORTS

ROBERT WILSON, a 17-year-old Finchley boy, continues to make rapid progress on the lawn tennis courts. He celebrated the New Year by winning for the second successive time the Michel Bivort Cup, a junior tournament held in Paris, and then returned to Roehampton to win two British Junior Club singles titles—the Under-18 and Under-21 events.

TONY MOTTRAM and his wife have been enjoying sunshine and successes in India. In the national tennis championships Mrs. Joy Mottram won the women's singles, and Tony the men's doubles with Suman Misra. Then, playing together, they won the mixed doubles. In the South India championships they won both singles and the mixed doubles. Joy also won the ladies' doubles.

MAUREEN BARRETT, 15-year-old Peckham schoolgirl, recently won the girls' open snooker championship for the second time. The new boys' billiards champion is 15-year-old Clive Everton, of Droitwich, who took up the game seriously only a year ago.

A NIGERIAN cricket team is to tour in England next summer and will play matches against London club sides. It will be composed of Europeans resident in Nigeria.

THE latest figures from New Zealand reveal that the Dominion has 30,000 schoolboy Rugby Union players and 50,000 club members.

JIM PETERS, the A.A.A. marathon champion, won the 13½ miles Morpeth-to-Newcastle race in 67 minutes 6 seconds, beating the record by more than 4 minutes.

IAN CRAIG, 17-year-old Australian batting star, recently became the youngest player ever to score a double century in first-class cricket. Two other young Australian sportsmen in the news are 17-year-old Bruce Crampton of N.S.W. and 18-year-old John Ducker. Bruce has leapt to the fore in golfing circles with a series of rounds in the low seventies. John, playing as wicket-keeper for South Australia in his first Sheffield Shield match, helped to dismiss the first five Queensland batsmen.

THE football and basketball teams of Sioux Falls College in South Dakota are to have an unusual banquet. It will be held to pay tribute to "sportsmanship under trying circumstances"—failing to win a match in two years!

A TEAM that is the opposite of the Sioux Falls teams is the Soccer XI of the Dorchester Sports Club, who have not lost a game in four years. All the team are Polish—members of the Polish Army who stayed in England after being demobilised.

BRIAN WINTERBORNE, 15-year-old Brighton schoolboy, is a fine all-round sportsman. He holds four A.T.C. (Sussex) athletic championships; is record holder of the A.T.C. national junior shot putt title; plays soccer for the Brighton and Sussex schoolboys; is opening batsman for the Brighton schools cricket team; and has won numerous honours in the boxing ring.

CRICKETERS in the "all sports" news are John Murray, the 17-year-old Middlesex player, who is this season's captain of the London Boys' Clubs football team, and Tom Clark, of Surrey, who is playing badminton for Bedfordshire.

GASPS are always heard when Geoffrey Dyson, Britain's leading athletic coach, gives a lecture in factory canteens or halls. The gasps arise when he indicates the height of the world record pole vault of 15 feet 8½ inches—higher than a trolley bus. His audience find even harder to believe the distance he marks out for the hop, step, and jump record—53 feet!

TWO indoor cricket nets, available to everyone, have been opened by Sussex C.C.C. at their ground at Hove. Instruction by the club professionals can be had at a charge of only 2s. 6d.

IMPRESSED by his gallant efforts in the Olympic 5000 metres race, Gundar Haegg, holder of the world one-mile record, has invited Chris Chataway to his home in Sweden to discuss training and to help the young Oxford athlete in his bid for mile honours this year.

THE SILKEN SECRET

Continued from page 9

and the larder's full of new jam tarts. I thought perhaps—"

"What about Mrs. Ruddle?"

"It would teach Mother Ruddle a much-needed lesson."

Dick suppressed a laugh. "All right," he whispered. She rustled out on to the landing and he dressed and followed. They dare not light a candle but there was no need, for by now they were used to every turn and stair in the house.

They crept down the stairs, and along the flagged passage to the kitchen. There was a closed door in front, they knew. But for one thing they were not prepared: its position was clearly outlined by thin streaks of yellow light. Who was on the other side?

CELIA turned and whispered. "I heard Mother Ruddle come to bed. And the maids. I counted every one."

Dick hesitated. Then, creeping forward, he set his eye to the key-hole, and, without further hesitation, flung open the door. "What are you doing here?" he demanded.

The gipsy woman was bending over one of the newly-baked pies. A tiny bottle glinted in her hand. She looked up as he spoke. Her face was distorted with hatred.

"Stop that!" he ordered, and plunged round the table to grapple with her.

"Look out!" screamed Celia. And then, too late to draw back, he saw the long, thin dagger flash before his eyes.

To be continued

The Children's Newspaper, January 24, 1953

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THE BRAN TUB

Riddle-me-ree

MY first is in table, but never in cloth;
My second is in soup, but never in broth;
My third is in robber, but never in thief;
My fourth is in tenet, but not in belief;
My last is in lasses and also in lads,
It also is found in both fancies and fads.
My whole gives a Scotsman of poetic fame—
At this time of year we recall his name.

FARMER GRAY EXPLAINS

INVALUABLE EARTH-WORMS. "Poor old birds; they won't find any worms," said Ann, surveying the frosty ground.

"No," agreed Farmer Gray, "when frost sets in, earthworms go deeper into the ground, remaining there until it thaws. During dry, summer weather they do the same, for worms must have damp."

"What are worms good for, other than as bird food?"

"They are earth refiners—natural tillers of the soil," replied Farmer Gray. "The lowly worm plays a vital part in the growth of all things which spring from the earth."

BEDTIME CORNER

Terry wanted a tractor

TERRY liked going shopping with Mummie, for next door to the grocer's was a toy-shop. And among the row of pedal motor-cars arranged outside was a wonderful orange tractor in which the salesman used to let him sit.

How Terry used to enjoy himself pretending to drive it! But Mummie was rather worried because she knew Terry wanted it for his birthday, and she just did not have enough pennies for it.

Then, one morning when Terry was sitting in the tractor, an elderly lady came to the toy-shop to choose a present for her grandson. Directly she saw the tractor she said: "I'll have that, if it doesn't belong to this little boy?"

"Oh, no," answered the salesman, adding to Terry: "Run along now, sonny."

You can imagine Terry's feelings when he saw that lovely tractor being put in the lady's car.

Next day he could not bear

to look at the toyshop, but went to wait in the grocer's queue with Mummie. Just as he was about to serve Mummie the grocer cried: "There now! The lady in front of you has gone and left her ration books behind!"

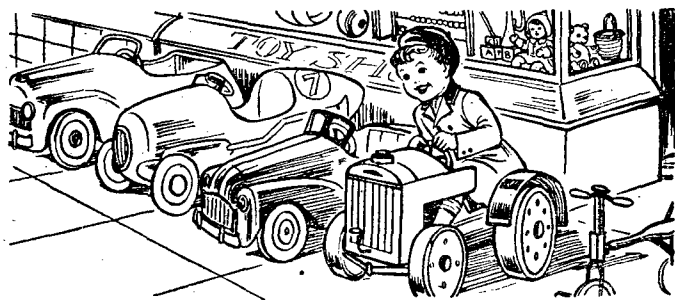
"I'll run after her with them," said Terry. And off he dashed. But the lady was already in her car and starting off.

As he raced along the pavement crying: "Stop! Stop!" Terry realised it was the same lady who had bought the tractor. Luckily, the traffic lights ahead turned red, and he caught up with the car.

"Why, you're the little boy who was playing with that tractor," she cried as she took the books gratefully. "Come and have tea with me and my grandson today if your Mummie will let you. Here is a card with my address."

His Mummie did say yes, so Terry has his tractor rides after all.

JANE THORNICROFT



NOT A HAPPY LANDING FOR ADOLPHUS



Mother Jacko had invited Chimp to stay at the house for a few days. One night, after having been sent to bed early, they could not get to sleep, so at last they started a pillow-fight. Across the beds they raged, round the room, and even out on to the landing. Bursting with energy, they found that the pillows were doing likewise, and that the fun was quite side-splitting—until Adolphus came out of his room to investigate!

Sammy Simple

"OUR dog seems to have drunk his milk very quickly this morning," said Mother to Sammy.

"Oh, he didn't drink it," said Sammy. "I did—as a punishment for chewing my slipper."

Out and in

TOMMY TINN and Sammy Stout, Meeting on the ice, fell out.
Sammy Stout and Tommy Tinn, Fighting on the ice, fell in.

FAMILIAR TREES

THE Holm, or Evergreen, Oak was introduced into Britain during the 16th century. It prefers a chalk soil, where it may grow from 50 to 70 feet high.

The trunk of such a tree usually has a girth of about 12 feet and is very short, the lower branches being only a few feet from the ground.

The dark bark is very rough, with deep fissures. Its long, ovate leaves are thick and leathery,



sometimes spined. Their upper surface is smooth and polished, but the undersides are coated with down. The acorns, which are long and pointed, are deeply embedded in their cups.

Holm Oak timber is used in cabinet-making.

CHAIN QUIZ

Solutions to the following clues are linked, the last two letters of the first answer being the first two letters of the second answer, and so on.

1. Member of what was once one of the most savage tribes of North American Indians, now reduced to a few thousand people.

2. Northern capital, scene of the 1952 Olympic Games; its population has grown in 140 years from 4000 to about 340,000.

3. Bird belonging to the family of gulls; its name is derived from its call during the mating season; widespread in Britain and the Arctic regions.

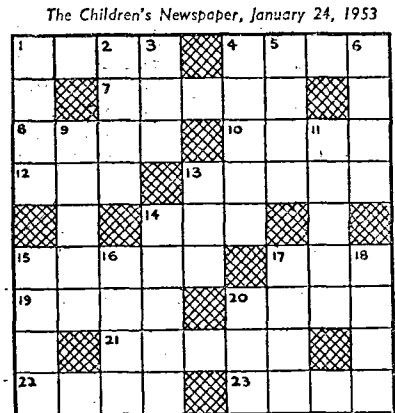
4. English poet of the Romantic revival; though only 25 when he died, he had written some of the finest poems in the language.

Answer next week

Crossword Puzzle

READING ACROSS. 1 Domesticated. 4 Trudge. 7 Weird. 8 Set of bells. 10 Unpunctual. 12 Old English measure. 13 Awarded for gallantry. 14 Unhappy. 15 Proficient. 17 Healthy. 19 Give up. 20 Grow weary. 21 Go in. 22 Despatch. 23 Tidy.

READING DOWN. 1 Ribbon. 2 Breakfast is the first. 3 Snake-like fish. 4 Heaped. 5 Go ahead. 6 Contest between two persons. 9 Escape. 11 Animal of rhinoceros family. 13 For wiping feet on. 14 Pay money for purchase. 15 Deeds. 16 The first garden. 17 Shoot. 18 A camper sleeps in one. 20 Round number. Answer next week



Cut and dried

SAID a jovial fellow named Brydon,

"My breakfast egg's only a dried 'un."

I wanted it boiled

But my plans have been foiled—
I shall have to make do with a fried 'un."

One way only

SAID the first clown: "Who can climb down a tree he never climbed up?"

After pondering awhile, the second clown said: "It cannot be done."

"Ah," returned the other, "what about a parachutist?"

Riddle-my-town

MY first is in heap and in pile;
My next is in face, not in dial;
My third is in bun, not in bread;
My fourth is in married, not wed;
My fifth is in rise, not in soar;
My sixth is in depot and store;
My last is in shivers and shakes.—
In print he is found by the Lakes.

Answer next week

HIDDEN PLAYERS

The names of four Sunderland footballers are hidden in the following paragraph. Can you find them?

"Do we jump off, or do you know a secret way down the cliff?" asked Jim. "That's telling!" Ted chuckled. "I wish all our problems were as simple. Sanders only asked us to watch the beach; we can do that from here," he explained.

Answer next week

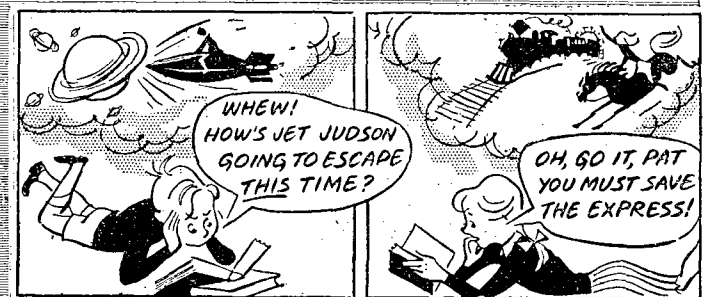
YOUNG QUIZ—answers

- 1 A school.
- 2 Virginia Dare.
- 3 World Health Organisation.
- 4 Holding fast.
- 5 June 2.
- 6 Huddersfield and Arsenal.
- 7 The Saxons.
- 8 A student of extinct prehistoric life.

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

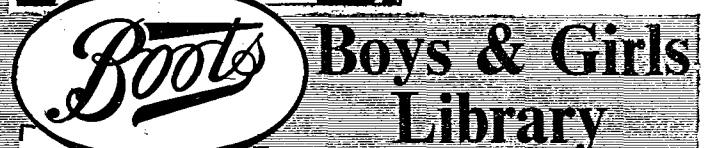
Hidden players
Ormond, Howie, Younger, Johnston
In the basket
Buttons, pins, thread, thimble, scissors, needles
Chain Quiz. Koala, lama, Madeira, Ramsay
Hidden trees. Fir, pine, elm, ash, cedar, plane
Find the words
Thrush, bush, grass, mass, cough, bough

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